

When I read

a poet who provokes  
or takes me in

within a turn  
or two, I

vow to remember  
the name,

and promptly  
forget. No

Cult of Personality  
here, though

I want mine recalled.  
Maybe Cult of Hypocrisy

applies. But implies  
too much awareness  
methinks.

We do a lot of things  
the way we wander,

producing joy  
or sin.